

DANGER FROM HOUSE FLIES.

The House hold Pest Breeds in Filth and is Distributor of Disease.

Mary Hinman Abel, in The Delinicator.

Taken collectively, and in summer, the housefly is a hateful creature. Not only is it responsible for lines of worry in the housekeeper's face, but it has been proved to be a serious menace to health. To begin with, its origin and habits are such as to put us on our guard. It lays its eggs in excrement, preferring horse manure, but if that does not offer, readily using any other. It feeds on the same and on the spittle of diseased throats and lungs, on refuse of all kinds, and it bears on its hairy feet and legs particles of these substances.

Thanks to the science of bacteriology, our case against the fly is no longer guess work—it has been made to walk across the sterile gelatine plate, and the microscope has later told us what it fetches and carries. Unlike the mosquito, the housefly is not a biter—but it has its own way of carrying contagion. It deposits, wherever it goes disease and disease germs may abound in its breeding and feeding places. On the joint of meat exposed for sale by the butcher, on the bread and sweet meats of the confectioner's counter, on the edge of the milk pail, on the kitchen and dining room tables they have been found.

To understand fully the possible danger of allowing this insect access to our food supplies, we must remember that in the disease called enteric—those affecting the intestinal tract, such as cholera, dysentery and typhoid fever—multitudes of germs peculiar to the disease are voided in the excreta, not only during the attacks but for some days before the disease is recognized, and for considerable periods of time after recovery, and since the contagion is spread from one person to another solely by these germs as they find access to water or food, to guard the water supply from contamination and to forbid the sale of milk from the dairy farm where any contagious disease exists, is well recognized as the first duty of the Health Board; but comparatively recent is the knowledge that flies also carry the germ of these diseases.

Not only does the fly carry about on its feet and legs any disease germs that may be in fecal matter, but such germs taken into its body in food are known to remain alive in intestines and also for days after they are ejected in the specks. By recent experiments this has been proved true of both the tuberculosis and the typhoid bacillus, the germs in the "specks" having actually given the disease from nine to fifteen days after it was deposited.

This is a very important point, as it establishes on new ground the danger of spitting in the streets or where flies can have access to the spittle. A lull in the efforts to prevent public spitting came on the discovery that tuberculosis germs, exposed to direct sunlight, must perish in from twenty-four to thirty hours, but since we discovered that the fly, who greedily feeds on the sputum, can transport it to considerable distances and keep it alive virulent for many days, the spitting nuisance has assumed new importance.

The epidemic of typhoid fever in Chicago in 1902 also fixed the guilt on the fly. It was especially severe in the nineteenth ward, which furnished one-seventh of the deaths, while containing but one-thirty-sixth of the city's population. This locality did not differ from the rest of the city in its water or its food supply, but it did differ in having more than 50 per cent of its houses without sanitary plumbing, the water being insufficient. Flies caught in undrained closets, on the fences and in the room of a patient were proved to carry the germ.

What, then, is to be done to protect our food supply from this disgusting and dangerous insect? It will be well to note, first, what has been accomplished in the extirpation of other insect pests.

A year ago New Orleans learned at heavy cost that, if the city was to be freed from yellow fever, the mosquito must go, and in the space of a few months, so vigorous was the campaign the now famous stegomyia or yellow fever mosquito was nearly exterminated.

Hump Back
SCOTT'S EMULSION won't make a hump back straight, neither will it make a short leg long, but it feeds soft bone and builds diseased bone and is among the few genuine means of recovery in rickets and bone consumption.
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ted and a price is now set on its head. This result was brought about by covering their breeding places with kerosene and by the thorough fumigation of houses.

In any northern city the task ought to be a far easier one, on account of a more favorable climate and a more cleanly and intelligent population—and yet without martial law or the fear of an epidemic that will destroy property as well as lives, it seems impossible to set in motion the agencies that will rid us of insect pests.

The housewife who gives frenzied chase to the intruder is not putting in her work at the most promising end of the line. The fly, like the mosquito is only to be destroyed by allowing it no breeding place. It lays its eggs in decaying organic matter, especially in manure.

Many cities have general laws regarding the cleaning of streets, stables, etc., which too often effect only the removal or what is offensive to sight and smell from the more important streets. Filth left in alleys or dumped in outlying parts is a source of danger which the city fathers must not ignore. At least one city, Philadelphia, has an ordinance that is abreast with our most recent knowledge on this subject. In France during the last winter, a jury of scientific men awarded a prize of 10,000 francs to the author of a memoir which outlined a method for the use of "residual oil" in the destruction of the eggs and larvae of the fly. Two litres of the oil to every square metre of surface of pit or manure pile was found to make a protective covering which killed the larvae, preventing the entrance of flies and hatching of eggs.

When we consider that this dreadful disease is conveyed from one person to another in only one way, by the germs contained in the excreta of the patient finding their way into the food and drink, it is surely not beyond hope that growing intelligence, better laws and their enforcement, will insure that in the near future fever will become as rare as yphoid smallpox now.

The Artist and the Monkey.

The friendship between them came about in this way: A book was to be published in which a small gray monkey played a very important part. The publishers wished to illustrate the book with many pictures, and because this artist was known to be so fond of animals that he drew them better than most others, he was asked to make these illustrations. If I were to mention his name you would know at once.

He read the manuscript and then set about finding his models. Men, women and children were at hand to answer, but where was the monkey to be found?

He went up to Central Park and looked among the swinging, chattering, wrinkled-faced creatures. Finally he found one answering to the description in the manuscript. In order to make his drawing before the crowd of visitors flocked to the menageries he used to get up very early in the bright spring mornings, and go and sit before the great monkey cage and make sketches of the little creature in the various queer positions that it seemed fond of taking.

After a time the monkey noticed him, and came to the very wires of the cage at once upon his arrival every morning.

It reached for a peach, smelled of it, turned it over many times, bit the lead off at the sharpened end, and gravely gave it back with an air that said: "I am surprised that you do not know how to prepare your peach."

But all the time it seemed to the artist that the monkey was sad or ill. Now, the artist was a tall man and broad shouldered. His head reached far higher than the most men we meet. Perhaps that was why every small, weak thing seemed to know and like him, for you know large nature protects the weak.

So he set himself to find out what it was that troubled his little friend. The keeper was called and questioned.

"Oh, the little gray monkey is all right," said the keeper. "You're payin' him a good deal of attention and he thinks he's got to make out a case. Monkeys are awful fakers; and their little gray ones are sharper'n most."

So the artist went on with his work, and the monkey sat by the wires, chattering his sad little tale, all about the home he had left in a

tall coconut tree, and the friends that were like himself.

And the artist answered: "yes, yes, old fellow, it's a big shame!" And his heart was very tender toward his little gray friend.

Then the monkey began to rub its little hands across its stomach, as if it were in pain. The keeper was called again.

"I tell you I'm afraid there's something the matter with the little fellow after all."

The keeper watched the small creature a minute or two, but it sat perfectly still.

"He's all right," said the keeper again. "He's young, and he is growing fast. Growing pains, maybe."

When the keeper had gone, the little monkey came very close to the side of the cage and chattered very softly, and reached out one little gray arm. The artist went up to the cage. The monkey took one of his fingers, and with a great deal of looking over its shoulder and chattering and twisting about, rubbed the finger up and down over the front of his little gray fur waistcoat.

And what do you think? The artist found a strong string tied tightly about the monkey's stomach. The end had been broken off, and the fur had covered it from sight. It had been tied on when the monkey was little, and while the poor thing had grown larger, the string had remained the same and cutting into the flesh.

The artist at once took out his knife and opened a shining blade. This frightened the monkey, but after a little faith in his big friend, helped him to be brave.

The cord was cut and found to have made a sore all about the waist of the little one. The artist went at once to the attendant, who brought some ointment, and together they took the little sufferer from his cage. But the monkey would let no hand but that of his art friend touch the wound, so the big man turned surgeon and dressed it carefully.

Afterwards when the pictures for the book had all been made and the sore mark under the little waistcoat had long been healed, whenever the artist chanced to stop before the monkey cage—even if many people were there—he was sure to hear a joyous chattering and see a little figure come flying to the bars and beckon with all its might. Then the small hands were rubbed across the small stomach, while merry thanks were chattered for the old-time service of gentleness and pity.—Exchange.

Too Much to Ask.

A traveler in the highlands observed while at a tavern in a small village a very beautiful collier. At his request the owner was pointed out to him, and he asked the man what he would take for the dog.

"You'll be taking him to America?" the Scot asked cautiously.

"Certainly, if you'll sell him to me."

"I no coul' part wio Bob," the dog's owner then said emphatically. "I'm muckle fond-like o' him." And liberal offers were no inducement.

To his astonish, the traveler later saw the dog sold to a drover for half what he had offered and after the drover had disappeared requested an explanation.

"You said that you could not sell him," he remarked.

A twinkle came into the highlander's eyes.

"No; I didna say I'd no sell him. I said I couldna part wio him," he said. "Bob'll be home in two or three days frae noo, but I could't ask him to swim across the ocean. Na; that would be too much to ask."—Harper's Weekly.

The Agent Lost.

"My friend," said the agent to the Billville brother, "let me sell you an accident policy."

"Never had an accident in my life."

"But—you may have. Ain't you about to marry?"

"Yes, but what's that got to do with it?"

"A great deal. Suppose your wife was to get angry with you and lam you 'side the head with the fire shovel, or your mother-in-law might take a notion to break every bone in your body; or—"

But the Billville brother stopped him right there.

"I've thought better of it," he said. "I'll be damned if I get married!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Safe for a Short Distance.

A young man who is blessed with a Scotch kinsman need never fear that he will be allowed to hold too high an opinion of himself.

"What do you think of my project to study law?" asked young Whitherby of his great-uncle, Robert Donaldson, a person whom he was desirous to propitiate.

"I should call it a very harmless amusement," said Mr. Donaldson dryly after a comprehensive survey of the young man's fatuous face and puffed-out chest. "It not carried on far."

GENERAL NEWS.

—Two more earthquakes and other signs of volcanic disturbances are reported from New Mexico.

—Germany and Austria are said to be ready to invade Poland and aid Russia in case of an uprising.

—Benjamin T. Redmar, said to have been the first directory publisher in the United States, died in Cincinnati, aged 93 years.

—Walter E. Ormand of Atlanta, a lawyer, fell from the steamship Kansas City between Savannah and New York and was lost.

—The eruption of Stromboli continues with undiminished force. Mount Aetna, after a long period of quiescence, is emitting smoke.

—Reactionaries believe that they have almost persuaded the czar to dissolve the duma. Murders and riots continue in many provinces.

—The Illinois Central has secured a monopoly of the coffee traffic in the territory tributary to New Orleans, and other roads are threatening a rate war in consequence.

—An inmate of the Danning, Ill., insane asylum remained at bay for 8 hours on the roof of a building. He was finally induced by the subterfuge of an attendant to come down.

—It is said in Washington among those who are in close touch with the Southern railway, that it has been decided to double track the Southern between Atlanta and Macon, and further that this decision has been reached as the result of an agreement with the Atlantic Coast Line system, by which traffic arrangements have been made giving the Coast Line entrance into Atlanta from Macon over the Southern.

—Chief of Police Louis Saell of Bell Haven, N. C., was shot down in cold blood by a negro named Elie E. Bora, whom he attempted to arrest.

—A telegram received from Samara says the entire town of Syran, thirty-two thousand inhabitants, in the government of Simbirsk, is on fire, and the inhabitants are fleeing towards Samara and Saratoff.

—A private telegram received from St. Petersburg states that Druggans attacked a peaceful meeting of peasant in the villages of Kocherow, killing eighty.

—The agrarian strike is spreading all over Russian Poland.

—Secretary of State Root received an enthusiastic welcome at Para, Brazil.

—Expressions of sympathy on the death of Lady Curzon were received from many sections.

—Rather than face a grand jury inquiry in New York the so-called Sewer-pipe trust has agreed to dissolve.

—Scotch members of the British parliament have offered a bill to create a separate parliament for that country.

—The steamer America, which had a broken shaft and was towed into New York, drifted in midocean nine days.

—The gunboat Marblehead has gone to sea with the crews of Guatemala and Salvador who will discuss terms of peace.

—Rumors continue to be circulated that Germany and Austria may forcibly intervene in behalf of Russia in Poland.

—Fairbanks, Cannon and Warner will aid the republicans, and Bryan, Stone and Folk the democratic in the congressional campaign in Missouri this fall.

—Senator John F. Dryden told the New Jersey legislative committee that he thought his \$85,000 salary was not a cent more than he was worth to the Prudential.

—President Roosevelt has issued instructions that the eight-hour law on all public works must be steadily enforced. Contractors who violate the law will be prosecuted by the department of justice.

—The great glacier on Mount Blanc is being used for other purposes than furnishing an occupation to guides and an attraction for tourists. An ice trust has gone into the business on an extensive scale of quarrying the clear, hard ice, at an altitude of 4,000 feet. The ice is blown out in great blocks by means of dynamite, after which it is sawed into regular sizes and sent down the mountain sides on a narrow gauge railway.

Husband's Argument.

The late Susan B. Anthony, relates the New York Tribune, once attended a wedding in Rochester, and at the reception she said to the bridegroom:

"If you want this marriage to be a happy one, you must be as kind and tender always as you are now. I once knew a young couple whose marriage had not turned out as happily as it should have done. The wife said to the husband one evening:

"Before we were married, dear, you were always giving me presents. Why do you never give me any now?"

"My love," the husband replied, "did you ever hear of a fisherman giving bait to a fish he had caught?"

A Sign of Grief.

A little girl whose uncle had recently died and who had thus received her first impressions of mourning, was struggling with her writing exercise on the first day of her return to school after the funeral.

"Miss Julia," said she to the teacher "I am trying to make my E's like papa's; he don't make them as fancy as you do, and I think when there has been a death in the family we ought to make our letters as plain as possible."

Where Was the Tick.

Little William was seated upon the sitting room floor with the works of his nice new watch spread about him, when his mother entered and, seeing the wheels, pivots, screws and springs, exclaimed: "Why, my son, have you broken your pretty watch?"

"Mamma," said Willie, "I was just trying to see where the tick came from."

—Gov. Joseph W. Folk of Missouri, in an address at Jefferson City, spoke against the mail order business, and favored advertising in the home papers.

Bile Poison
has a very bad effect on your system. It disorders your stomach and digestive apparatus, taints your blood and causes constipation, with all its fearful ills.

Thedford's Black-Draught
is a bland tonic, liver regulator, and blood purifier.

It gets rid of the poisons caused by over-supply of bile, and quickly cures bilious headaches, dizziness, loss of appetite, nausea, indigestion, constipation, malaria, chills and fever, jaundice, nervousness, irritability, melancholia, and all sickness due to disordered liver.

It is not a cathartic, but a gentle, herbal, liver medicine, which eases without irritating.

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AT THE Boston Shoe Store.

\$3.50 Bay State Shoes at \$3.00

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This sale will last fifteen days.

Everything sold for Cash only during this sale.

Yours for business.

THE BOSTON SHOE STORE

MARTIN SELIGMAN, Proprietor.

Two doors from Farmers and Merchants Bank.

Hero of Many Battles.

One fault of a certain extremely popular general is that he, being rather deaf, is apt to come to wrong conclusions.

Returning from campaign one of the first men to greet him was an old acquaintance. "Ah, my good fellow," said the general, "so glad to see you again. Hope you have prospered and had good fortune these years!"

"Yes, general, yes; but I have had the great misfortune to lose my wife since I saw you."

Catching the word "wife," the other guessed at the idea of a recent marriage, and, patting his old friend affectionately on the shoulder, he exclaimed:

"Happy man! Happy man!"—Exchange.

Needed a New Liver.

"Old Hunker" McLaughlin was a well known character in Chelsea some twenty-five years ago, says the Boston Herald. At one time Hunker was ailing and called on the city physician, who told him to wear a liver pad, to be had at any drug store. On inquiring the price, and finding it high, he got his wife to make one for him.

In about a week he said: "Bridget, the b'y'es all keep away from me. What the devil is the matter? Am I dying?"

"Sure you're not dying," she said "It's getting better every minute ye are. Take off that liver pad and let me put a fresh liver into it for yer."

FRUIT PRESERVING POWDER.

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Nothing like it on the market.

It preserves Vegetables, Fruits, Jellies, and is not injurious.

25c
Evans' Pharmacy

Evans' Liver and Kidney Pills are still 25c. We hain't advanced the price.

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Staple Groceries at prices to please and with the quality to bring you back
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Our Piano prices now from \$175 to \$750—Our Organ prices now from \$100 to \$500—

Special Bargains in Great Variety—Cash Payments or Easy Terms—Come and see our new stock of